# FRENCH LIFE AND POLITICS.

The Pleasures, Novelties and Excitements in Paris.

A STEAM TENOR.

Temperance, Cremation and Miraculous Visions.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

A Victory for the Republicans in the Assembly.

## A ROWDY CHEVALIER.

Gambetta's Evidence and St. Croix's Penalty.

### LIFE IN PARIS.

I would have little to say about Parisian theatricals at this Senegalian heat were it not for a wonderful discovery, carefully kept secret up to this very day, and which has just been communicated to me by the clever man who undoubtedly will owe to it his fortune and celebrity throughout the world. But before telling you what it consists of a short preamble is necessary. You are well aware that, apart from a few really great artists, the lyric stage is suffering from a daily growing scarcity of interpreters worthy of the immortal chefs-Couvre composed by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Halévy, Verdi, &c. A good tenor, more especially, has become, like the blue bird with a green tail, impossible to be found for the past fifteen years; the last one having been Roger, the creator of Jean de Leyde, in Meyerbeer's Prophet."

are quite insufficient for the great opera style, are not common, and we are, in fact, threatened with the complete extinction of the male soprano, and you should remark that it is just the moment when e first French lyric troupe will soon have to exert their powers in a house by one-third larger than any other hitnerto used for operatic performces-the new Opera Building-where the orchestra and choroses alone will require numerous additions. Here the question arose, Where are we to get a tenor possessed with steel lungs, in order to make himself heard in such a vast and costly structure? To solve this rather unsolvable problem Mr. Halanzier, the smart manager, sent emissaries to every corner of the globe, with full powers to secure at any price an ut de poitriné. one of them who, in despair, had joined the British expedition against the Ashantees, having heard King Koffee Kalkali singing beautifully "God save the Queen," after the conclusion of peace, aid all in his power to induce the black monarch to give up his shadow of sceptre and crown and nake his debut at Paris in the role of Otello, perectly suited to the color of his skin. But the funny Kalkali would not listen to any suggestion unless Mr. Halanzier should first come and take his place on the throne of Ashantee, which the perplexed manager declined to do, notwithstanding that royal purple is tempting to a Frenchman. So that the potentate of our first lyric scene had nearly given up all hope of discovering a tenor, and numerous artistes were already engaged, after his orders, in transposing all the tenor roles into contratti-bassi, when Providence appeared to nim a for night ago in the person of your country-

a native of Portland. Me., where he enjoys a well deserved reputation as a practical engineer and organ builder. In a true American fashion Mr. Winkel went straight on to the object of his visit, without any of those fastidious circumlocations so much à la mode in Europe. "I know your per-plexity," said he to Mr. Halanzier (not a little surprised at the assurance exhibited by the stranger); you are in need of a tenor, and you cannot find one, of course, our age being no more devoted to for my own part I'll always deplore that General Butler, whom Heaven had gifted with a splendid barytone voice, deserted his natural vocation and became .... But never mind Ben Butler: I guess you don't care for him. Perhaps you have heard at the time of the last Paris Exhibition, of a steam organ, whose powerful sounds gave a very nice idea of the trumpets of the last judgment, which will awake the dead and strike down the living. Well. I was the inventor of that new factor of ha mony, one of the greatest attractions of vour splendid universal fair. But, you know, our motto is 'Go ahead,' and, after five years of the hardest work, combinations and experiments, and at a considerable expense of money, I have just sue ceeded in completing an invention which, I am proud to say, shall be called the wonder of our

wenderful century. A STEAM SINGER AND DECLAMATOR which, in precision and purity, leaves far behind it all human nightingales of past and present times, It consists of silver, steel, copper and lead tubes of different sizes, provided with seven times as many pistons as there are notes in the gamut, thus giving fully seven octaves, while Mr. Tamberlik himself could never reach the third one. This combination of tubes, carefully adapted to a steam engine, which lies underneath the stage, remains in the side scene, so that the audience doesn't see it at all. Now, then, you need not trouble yourself any more about a tenor, nor, indeed, about any kind of singer, either male or female. The whole question hes in getting good pantomimists, who silently open their mouths and make the appropriate gestures; they have not to utter a single sound, my steam singers performing all the musical part of the role and doing so with such a perfection that the iliusion ought to be complete I intended to keep this marvel of mine a secret till the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia opens its doors; but I am, before all, a philanthropist and a friend of arts, and your lamentations have struck me to the heart; and, see, I had many inconveniences to encounter with your police before I could arrive here in safety; for I have, of course, brought with me a specimen of my steam singer, and those stupid fools took me at first for a ommunist agent sent to France with an infernal machine, intended to exterminate at once the National Assembly, the Ministers and MacMahon himself. Poon! But, rather, come with me to the Grand Hotel, so that you may have a look, and, above all, a hearing of the thing." And poor Mr. Haianzier, quite stunned at his visitor's incredible revelation, followed him, without being
able to utter a syllable, to the splendid Parisian
Capernaum, in the grand saton of which the
new wonder was alreany disposed, under the
guard of Mr. Winkel's servants and machinists.
At a sign given by the inventor the engine was
put in motion, the automatical tenor partition
of "Robert le Diable" was adapted to the keyring, and for nearly two hours the immates of the
hotel and the people in the neighborhood were
struck with surprise and admiration at the almost
divine voice which made itself distinctly heard, in
all its purity and powerfulness, for 500 yards
around. Mr. Halanzier, quite stunned at his visitor's in-

an its purity and powerfulness, for 500 yards around.

Almost mad with emotion Mr. halanzier fell into Mr. Winkel's arms and precipitately took him to his notary's, where a deed of cession granting to Mr. Halanzier the exclusive right for ten years of using in Europe Ehas Winkel's steam singer apparatus was drawn and signed at once. Through this treaty, the existence of which nobody knows yet, the Faris Opera House will become once more the first academy of music in the world, and Mr. Halanzier is here to recuperate a hundred times the 500,000 francs which he has paid to the American inventor. The lucky manager of our first lyric theatre is so enthusiastic at what be calls the omnia possumus of your compatriots that he tyric theatre is so enthusiastic at what he calls the omnia possumus of your compatriots that he could not help exclaiming to the Minister of Fine Arts:—"Ces diables de l'ankees ne seront contents que lorsou'ils auront trouvé le moyen de faire des

en/ants a to rapeur?" To which His Excellency answered, "Ainsi soit-tit?"

en/ants a in rapeur!" To which His Excellency answered, "Ainsi soil-ill!"

Nothing is eternal in this world, not even "La Fille de Madame Angot," the most successful play that ever was produced on the French stage, whence it spread, like an irresistible forrent, all over Europe. Charles Le Cocq's opera bougs belongs, need I tell you, to that vulgar category of plays so much en voque for the nast twenty years, the great pontiff of when was offenbach, the composer or "La Belle Héléne" and "La Grande Duchesse." Libretto and music are worthy of each other. Altogether, it suits marvellously the corrupt taste of a dissolute society, hence its European unsurpassed success. For not only Paris, but also London, vienna, St. Petersburg and even ferlin have triumphaily applauded the rotten literature and vulgar melodies characteristic of Le Cocq's popular chef desucre. And the fact that such a disgusting production was a European event is a sufficiently striking exemplification of this truth, vamily denied, viz.:—thit the corruption of manners and lowering of public taste, far from being limited to France, as our good friends, the Germans, pretend it to be, constitute a general evil, a moral cholera, by which the whole social body is infected.

"So dark a sentence about an opera bough?" "will you perhaps object? Yes, sir; is not the theatre the faithful redection of public manners, and at the same time, the most impressive school of morals for the people?

"La fille de Madame Angot" has been replaced in the public favor by another play of the same kind and from the very same authors—"Giroffe, Giroffa," which has met with an equality Prodigious success, thus driving another mai into the coffin of public good taste and morality. Sad! Sad!

DUMAS AGAIN.

Alexander Dumas, Ar., has nearly completed

coffin of public good taste and morality. Sad! Sad! Sad! DUMAS AGAIN.

Alexander Dumas, Jr., has nearly completed another comedy—I should rather say drama—intended to make as much noise on both sides of the Atlantic. If my memory is correct, one year has scarcely elapsed since young Frank Waiworth shoth his lather to death in a hotel of the Fith avenue, in New York. Even at that time the awful deed found apologizers, not only on your shores, but also in France, through extenuating circumstances apparent or real. Well, M. Dumas Mis boldly boards this question:—"Has a son the right, or even the duty, to kill his father, if this be the only means of preventing his mother from being murdered by a wicked nusband!" and, with his usual andacity, M. Dumas concludes in the affirmative, Fears are entertained that Lady Anasthasia (the consorsing) will object to the production on the stage of such a formidable theory; but, as there are no pointical aliusions of any kind in "Un Parricide," the author's friends are confident that the new Academician will succeed in overcoming all difficulties which might interfere from that side, and add another jewetto his already rich crown. Amen!

and add another jeweito his already rich crown. Amen!

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

Father Matthew has made new converts, not only in America and England, but in France also, where a selection of periwigs, old and young, moved by the desire of having themselves spoken of in the newspapers, have organized a "temperance society" on the model of your similar institutions, with premiums in money for the repentant sons of Baccaus. Up to this very day, the most honorable institution numbers thirty-four adherents, including the twenty membres fondatears, amongst whom I must notice His Royal Majesty, Henri V. and the beadle of Paray-le-Monial. No doubt the fearful progress of alcoholism in France is well worthy of serious attention from the philosopher and philanthropist, but it is an evil consequent, as many others, upon a general state of decomposition, abasement of minds and absence of self-respect prevaient everywhere, and before seeking to care this evil, it would, perhaps, be advisable to search the causes which let to it, and, if not suppress them, at least to prevent them from hollowing deeper and deeper every day, in the neart of the people. Otherwise, thousands of temperance societies will be nearly as efficient against the progress of alcoholism, as a plaster on a wooden leg.

elebrity to the names of duellists, will so flatter the vanity of many people that between friends they will arrange feint duels in order to get their names-printed in the papers. Another infashble method of seeing one's name

Another infailtble method of seeing one's name printed in small capitals on a sheet of paper consists in sending a few lines to "Mr. Chiel Editor of the \* "," on the leading topic of the day. CREMATION VERSES INTERMENT.

For the past two months there has been quite a deluge of projects and counter projects coming from every corner of the country. Strange to say, the most implacable opposition to the old new system of doing with the dead comes from women. Vatniy you employ your cloquence and logic in demonstrating to them how lar more decent and neather cremation is than the awind, disgusting Vainly you employ your cloquence and logic in demonstrating to them how har more decent and healthier cremation is than the awint, disgusting and pestilential present system. They won't hear you talking of burning the corpse of adequated beloved father, lover or child; rather than having beloved father, lover or child; rather than having those precious remains reduced into lour or five ounces of neat, white ashes, let them grow rotten in a wooden case. This is surely much better. At all events, "they say, "it is the Christian mode and we ought to keep it," Nonsense! \* \* \* but in spite of the feminine opposition to this needed reform, the campaign in its layor is gaining ground every day. In a very remarkable article on the subject Mr. Francisque Sarcey, answering the scruples of some critics, who object that justice could not find the trace of poison on a cremared body, says, with a truly French humor:—"I am very sorry; but, first, poisoning is very rare in the annals of crime; second, it is by far preierable not to be able to discover one of those cases than to polson with certainty a whole community. As to the Christian dogma of the "resurrection of bodies" wish a theorogian doctor would tell me whether is easier to remake a body with a carrion devotre by worms than with five ounces of snow-white ashes."

when I shall have told you that France-blessed France!--is once more the theatre of pious pilgrimages to La Salette. Lourdes and Paray-Le-Montal, and that another miraculous virgin has just made her appearance in the environs of Paris this time (why not inside of it?) I guess my bag or news will be contributed.

emptied. In my next letter I hope I shall be able to give in my next letter i nope I shall be able to give you more important theatrical and fashionable news, not mentioning the appearance of Henri Rochefort's second series of the Lanterne, which, at five years' distance, is anxiously atticipated by the Paristans as a manua of wit and sarcasm against a despised government. "Enfin, nous allons rire!"

the Parisians as a manua of wit and sarcasm against a despised government. "Eafin, nous allons rive!"

will be raced for on Sunday. Saltarelle, which won the Derby at Chantilly, a horse belonging to M. Edotard Fould, is the favorite.

Disappeaeance of an English farm.

The minds of Parisian hotel keepers and others have been much exercised by an advertisement which has just appeared in the English newspapers, to the following effect:—"Twenty pounds reward—Missing, 2d, a gentleman; age, 39 years; height, five feet eight inches; fair complexion; height, five feet eight inches; fair complexion; hair, mustache and whiskers light brown; blue eyes; shaved under chin; moderately stout; dress, black morning coat and vest (long), light check trousers, light hat (maker, Lock, St. James street), or may be dressed in bine yachting suit; wore gold watch and chain, locket attached, 1867 on outside case. The above reward will be paid by Mr. Miller, Stationer, No. 1 Little College street, Westminster, S, W., to any person giving such thiormation as shall lead to his recovery. Information to Superintendent Williamson, Detective Department, Great Scotiand Yard, London."

The above relates to a noble earl, and a reward of £500 is not an extravagant sum to offer for the recovery of a British peer. But the queer part of the transaction is that none of the English papers dare to print his hame. The nobleman in question disappeared the day after the Derby, and nobedy ventures to say whether he is dead or whether he has levanted by reason of his being a defaulter on the turn. If he had been a commoner no suce delicacy would have been shown to him: and, indeed, the delicacy evinced is of a false sort, which will be rather injurious to the prospect of discovering his whereabouts, for by not giving his name; the best chance of obtaining a clue to film is lost, and persons who may have seen the Earl abroad or elsewhere may not even know that he is missing.

Paris has been excited by a telegram from an unscrupulous banker at Madrid, who reported that Count Hatzfeld's mission to Spain had for its object the renewal or negotiations to place Prince Leopoid, of Hobenzollern, on the Spains throne. This is officially denied in Berlin, and Count Hatz-

leid is said to have no other mission than to judge with his own eyes whether Marshal Serrano's government is secure enoigh for the German Empire to recognize it. It is expected that after the next elections the Cortes will contain an Alphonsist majority, and Serrano will then place Isabella's son on the throne and set up a sort of paternal authority over him.

RECEPTION OF BURMESE AMBASSADORS.

Marshal MacMahon has received the new ambassadors from Burmah. Elaborate preparations had been made in the way of soft carpets, for it was expected they would go down on all fours and crawl along the whole length of the reception room, as they used to do in Napoleon the Third's time. But they have grown more acute now, and, indeed, Orientais are always clever enough not to offer themselves as laughing stocks. So the whole indeed, Orientals are always clever enough not to offer themselves as hughing stocks. So the whole mission sailed in sereneiv in sky-blue gowns, with a goiden sun embreidered on their backs, and walked on their logs like proper folk. They brought Mme, de MacMahon a Cashmere shawl and the Marshal an Ivory-nitted sword, curved like a cheese knife. The President will give them the customary pair of Sevres vases, which can be of no sort of use to them, instead of a pair of steam ploughs or a printing press, which would have refreshed all the men of Burmah during many a hot day.

day.

New requirem Mass by Verdi.

Verdi's new requirem, first performed at St. St. Mark's, Misan, has been rehearsed at the Opera Comique, Paris. It is a great musical event. For the first time Verdi has softened those cashing brasses which made his choruses so noisy, and he has produced a work which with probably be his masterplece. A solo, for tenor, "lugemisco." is a pearl; the "Agnus Dei," for soprano and enorus, carried away the whole audience, and the final fugue, "Libera Me," is equal to the splendid prayer in "Masaniello," which immortalized Auber. While the reporters of twenty Paristan papers were listening with open ears to this requirem, some Frenchmen outside, who wanted to get places, spread a rumor that the Louvre was on fire, and sixteen of the reporters instantly hastened out to see the sight. This made sixteen stalls vacant, which the practical jokers appropriated.

#### POLITICS IN FRANCE.

PARIS, June 13, 1874.

French politics are in a worst state of confusion than ever, and it would be only misleading persons who have serious interests in France to venture any prediction as to what is likely to happen. It is probable, however, that a general election cannot be long delayed, and that the sense of the country must be taken in some shape or other for the formation of a permanent government. The septennate is neither fish, flesh nor fowl; it pleases nobody, and every one looks upon it as a provisional state of things which may terminate at any moment. Nothing but the high personal character of Marshal MacMahon could have upheld it so long: and it must be remembered with many forebodings that he has neither the education nor mental qualities which constitute a statesman fit to guide the destinies of the nation in troublous times. Moreover, he has now lost his right hand in the Duc de Brogile; and, personally, he can hardly place implicit confidence in any of his Cabinet but General de Cissey. It is all very well for the legitimists to press him to bring back the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty, and for the Bonapartists to appeal to his gratitude for the high military rank which was conferred upon him by of the people. Otherwise, thousands of temperance societies with be nearly as editorial against the progress of sicoloidism, as a plaster on a wooden leg.

You are well aware that it is fashionable to the utnest in France for agentleman to have what is so improperly called une agains dehomens, that is to say, a duel. Young ladies, not only here, but everywhere clee, I guess, are particularly sensitive without state of the manner of the Assembly at the subject of Free Love va. Marriage, a duel was fought yesterday morning between M. e. Vicomite de Grenoulliac and our friend. Arthur Barbanson, in which the latter has received a severe though not dangerous wound in his right ton both sides." Even if he should be a little more ugly than M. Louis Vemiliot or Timothée Trimm. Arthur Barbanson, post vulnerem, is sure to become the coqueüche of ladies, young and ripe. Besides, if he is engaged in writing novels or tensifer the tire the worst nonsense with the certainty that it will enjoy an immense success among the wittless people on earth." I do not exaggerate when I say that, in spite of appearances, ninery, une and a half out of a hundred duels which happen yearly in France, between Freichmen, Grenoulliac—Barbanson's. But the laurels of Richelleu prevented Mr. Depeyre, the late Minister of Justice, irom suoring in the arms of his beloved wife. His classical reminiscences of the Cardinal's famous cellet against duelless and Barbansons who, from time to time early the season of the Cardinal's famous cellet against dueles and Barbansons who, from time to time early the season of the Cardinal's famous cellet against dueless and Barbansons who, from time to time early the season of the Cardinal's famous cellet against dueless and Barbansons who, from time to time early the season of the Cardinal's famous cellet against dueless and Barbansons who, from time to time the content of the provided the content of the content of the provided the content of the content o the late Emperor. He can do nothing for either of them in the present temper of the Assembly at who can enter a drawing room with becoming grace and preside over a state dinner. It is needless to mention the members of the Extreme Right, for they are utterly impracticable; but it would not much signify to whom Henry V. confiden the seals of office in his first cabinet. His ministers must either drive the most prominent men of the republican party into exile or the stormy oratory of Gambetta would overwhelm them in a week. Should Henry V. come back his reign would be really only another phase in the French Revolu tion; and there is no reason to believe that it would not be both brief and disastrous. On the other hand, the Bonapartists are a compact, rich, resolute and unscrupulous body, led by a very tout captain in M. Rouher. He may, and perhaps will, bring the lad at Chislehurst to Paris midst the acciamations of all the jewellers in the Rue de la Paix; but that will not alter the state of public feeling in France, which is growing constantly more and more republican. Then, how can any faith be placed in a hobbledehoy whom nobody knows? Persons who had good opportunities of forming a judgment of this imperial Prince in his boyhood did not carry away a high estimate either of his abilities or his good nature. It was said, and often said, that he was frivolous, cruel and in selent. There is a story of his having had his ears boxed for impertinence, and of his having tortured a swan, and of his having displayed an early taste for millinery. Perhaps they may be true, perhaps talse, but a straw will show which way the wind blows, and it does not blow in favor of Kapoleon IV. He has been highly educated, he can ride well, he can speak several languages, he knows as much nt military affairs as can be learned Woolwich by a boy who has been taught in respectful whispers by elderly officers who like to be asked to dine at Camden Place. That is about all which is fairly to be said of him, Moreover, the Bonapartists are quite as nuch divided among themselves as to their ultimate views as the royalists; and even they will only ict in concert to restore the Empire. After that all's mist and fog. M. Rouher and the Empress are h favor of personal government as it existed before the time of M. Emile Offivier, but they will have to count with Prince Napoleon and with his numerus clever and most cantankerous followers. The Bonapartists have no literary support but that which may be derived from M. de Cassagnac, and all the lettered hosts of France will combine steadily against them. M. Rouber will be unable to put down free thought and free speech even if he succeeds in hoisting him self again into power, and all the free thought and free speech in the world is in favor of republics. Monarcas, however potent, can no onger decapitate their enemies or flay them alive or put them on the rack; and no other methods have yet been discovered of annihilating political joes. All permanent authority must now and henceforth be based upon public opinion, and therefore, although France may pass through

> United States of America. A SCENE IN THE ASSEMBLY. There has been a tumultuous scene in the Assembly at Versailles between M. Rouher and M. Gambetta. M. Gambetta called the Bonapartists "wretches." and was called to order by the President. This ceremony did not seem to affect his

> many a sore trial and see many a dark and gloomy

day, many changes in her destinies, there can be no rational doubt that she will either cease to

exist at all as an independent nation or that she

will end her sorrows by the establishment of a

French Republic on the same model as that of the

spirits very deeply, for French Deputies have little respect for the Speaker of their House and no sense at all of his powers, which are rarely exercised. The Bonapartis's, however, took the case against M. Gambetta into their own hands, and ever since he applied that unfortunate epithet to them collectively they have been assaulting and threatening him, as though each Bonapartist bad got the cap on his own head and found that it fitted him nicely. Every day the Salle des pas Perdus or the Gare St. Lazare is filled by excited mobs of imperialists, and Gambetta starts for his parliamentary duties surrounded and protected by an enthusiastic following of students and workmen. A day or two ago a middie-aged gentleman, probably in search of a government appointment, when the Empire is re-stored, stepped out of the crowd, and going up to the flery Tribune, asked him, with a menacing aspect, "Are you dambetta?" "Yes," replied the first of the republican orators of France. "Well," pursued the middle-aged gentleman, who had apparently waited for the government appointment till he had turned sour, "you called the Bonapartists 'wretches;' I am a 'wretch,' and I will cun' your head; take that!" Three times M. Gambetta has been obliged to go abruptly to battle in this manner, and twice his head was protected from being punched by devoted friends. The third time, namely, on the 11th of June, however, a captain of zouaves gave him a black eye. This officer was almost rent piecemeal by the mob. He lost his hat; he was kicked round and round the waiting room and down the stone stairs into the lower hall, until at last twenty policemen rescued him and carried him off to the station. He is in confinement now and will be tried for assaulting a

Party spirit is terribly high in Paris, and gunpowder is in the atmosphere. Day after day there are duels between imperialists and republicans; but it is to be observed that this mode of conducting political argument is not a new one, and it is a pity that a people so ingenious as the French have not discovered an original mode of treating with those who disagree with them. In England, George Canning, Robert Peel, Daniel O'Connell, the Dukes of Wellington, Buckingnam and Bedford, with innumerable Parliament men of less distinction, were obliged to fight for their opinions, and the practice of cudgelling a political opponent is perhaps not altogether unknown in the United States. It is only four years ago that a gentleman who ventured to think differently to a banker baron was waylaid in the street by that nobleman, who had caused himself to be accompanied by a prize fighter, and they both fell together upon the gentleman who had reasoned against their interests and bonnetted him. It was thought about fifty years ago that these impudent tricks might be stopped by ridicule, and when two dukes fought in Kensington Gardens about nothing which ought to disturb the minds of sensible men, some jokers put up a placard stating that "rubbish might be shot there." Nevertheless, the practice has come again into full swing all over Europe. Field Marshal Manteuffel and General Goeben wanted to go to loggerheads in Berlin the other day, and not long ago a public character was publicly flogged by another public character in the streets of Rome. It is quite impossible to put down folly.

Meantime the French conservatives are growing frightened at the results of their own imprudence and wrongheadedness, and they have just allowed the republicans to win

AN IMPORTANT LIBERAL VICTORY by a majority of eleven. The Assembly threw out the clause in the government bill which takes away the franchise from all those who have not reached the age of twenty-five, so that the period of life at which a French citizen becomes entitled to electoral privileges remains the same as before-that is to say, he may vote as soon as he is twenty-one years old. This is a sharp check for the conserva tives, and the impossibility of carrying on the government is becoming so evident that a dissolution cannot be long postponed.

## GAMBETTA IN COURT.

His Charge Against Count de Sainte-Croix-The Prisoner Confesses Premeditation-Sentence Passed on the Rowdy Aristoerat.

(From Galignani's Messenger, June 16.) The affair of the prisoner, Count de Sainte-Croix, who committed the assault on M. Gambetta at the St. Lazare railway station, came before the Tribunal of Correctional Pelice on Saturday. The case was not generally expected to take place so soon, but as it was one of fagrante delictu there was no necessity for any preliminary judicial proceedings. But few spectators were present and precautions had been taken to prevent any crowding of the Court; the guard had been doubled and only persons having business were admitted.

WHAT THE PRISONER SAID. test the charge of assault as regarded M. Gambetta, but denied all intention of striking M. Ordinaire. He acknowledged that he had been condemned, when a private in the marines, to five years' imprisonment for menacing a petty officer; but, however, only underwent two years of the punishment; also that he had been deprived of the management of his private affairs in consequence of his habits of prodigatity. To questions put by the Court he said :- I intended to give a slap in the face to M. Gambetta, but whether I did so. the face to M. Gambetta, but whether I did so, or how I did it I cannot say, as I was in a state of too great excitement; it certainly was not a blow with my closed hand. I raised my walking stick afterwards in self-defence. If M. Ordinaire was touched it was by accident. As M. Gambetta was defended by the police, I was forced to make an effort to reach him; I admit that the act was premeditated; it would not have happened had M. Gambetta acted differently; a captain had called on him the previous evening to demand satisfaction, but he threatened to give him into custody.

to give him into custody.
The Judge—You did not reflect that M. Gambetta a Deputy. The Prisoner—He had no right to insult a party to which I am proud to belong.

The Judge—The President of the Assembly had already inflicted on him a disciplinary punish-

ment.
The Prisoner—That was perhaps sufficient for the Deputies, but not for me.
The Judge—A gentleman should not conduct himself like a cab driver.
The Prisoner—That may be, but a Deputy should not act as a lache.

The Prisoner—That may be, but a Deputy should not act as a lache.

M. GAMBETTA'S TESTIMONY.

M. Léon Gambetta, thirty-six years of age, barister, and member of the National Assembly, deposed as follows:—I was returning from the Assembly; on leaving the train I went toward the great staircase leading down to the Place St. Lazare; the exit had been injudiciously arranged; if the lateral doors had not been closed I could easily have gone out, and nothing of this would have happened; at the moment when I reached the landing place of the great staircase a man sprang out of the surrounding crowd, darted upon me, and struck me in the face; he was arrested and taken before the Commissary of Police; I went and made my declaration, and then requested to have him brought into my presence that I might establish his identity; his bearing them was that of a man who having so acted was ready to begin again; he said so himself; I must add that the assault was entirely unprovoked by anything in my bearing or in that of the persons around me.

The President asked:—Was it with his fist, that ound me. The President asked:—Was it with his fist that

Answer—Yes, on the right cheek.

The prisoner protested that it was with his open hand; but the contrary was satisfactorily established, as was also the fact that the prisoner brandished, as was also the fact that the prisoner brandished a stick, which fell upon M. Ordinaire when he interposed to snield his friend and political chief.

when he interposed to shield his friend and political chief.

Deputy Pichat's deposition was to a similar effect, and he also testified that of the three doors usually left oken for exit two were closed, so that the rush was great through the centre one.

The COUNT DE SAINTE-CROIX.

M. Gambetta's assailant is a man of middle height, pale, who black hair cut short and smail waxed mustacths, dressed in a black frock coat, with a decoration in the button hole. His name is then Raynouardcomte de Sainte-Croix, and he is the son of the Maiquis Raynouard de Sainte Croix, a Prefect of the Edge in 1851 and (ever since 1855) Treasurer Paymaser General of the Department of the Mayenne. Heis the nephew of three eminent Bonapprists—M. de Soubeyran, a member of the Versailes Assembly? M. Maiaret, an ex-ambassador, and M. de Thorthny, a member of the transition ministry which preceded the coup declat of December 2. He was born in 1840. At the age of tweive bis father sent him to sea as a cabin boy. For reasons not explained he did not stay long affoat; but the next stage of his life was that, in pursuance of correctional paternal power, he was sent to the juvenile penal colony of Mettray, under the care of the late lamented M. de Metz. After a period of probition there he enlisted as a volunteer in the third regiment of Zouaves. He was sent to the juvenie penal colony of Mettray, under the care of the late lamented M. de Metz. After a period of probition there he enlisted as a volunteer in the third regiment of Zouaves. He took part in the Italian campaign, and was successively promoted to the rank of corporal and sergeant. He was broken as a sergeant, reduced to be again a corporal, and with that grade sent to a disciplinary regiment in Sengal. There, while on parade and undergong punishment drill, he mor-

tally stabled the non-commissioned officer in command of the squad. He was tried by a courtmartial and condemned to death. The sentence was quashed for a vice of form by a court of revision. Tried a second time, he got off with four years' penal servitude. Family influence placed him, instead of a prison, in a hospital, where he was a great lavorite with monks and runs, on account of his fervent professions of religion. He obtained a free pardon before the expiration of the term of his sentence, and again entered the army as a private. He went to Algeria, and was for a time employed as secretary to an Arab Bureau. But Colonel de Montiot reduced him for habitual drunkenness from the rank of a first to a second class socialer. In 1886 he let the army, and ever since has lived upon an allowance from his father. But in 1870 the Empire made him a major of Mobiles, and his enemies admit that he did his duty without reproach during the Prussian war. The Advocate of the Republic demanded the application of the law, nd in his speech recommended the prisoner to restrain from interfering in public affairs, for which he was not adapted, and which did not require his assistance; he should rather regulate his conduct in such a manner as to obtain from justice the ablogation of the measure of interdiction passed to protect him from his own excesses.

The Prisoner—it is infamous to drag my private

from his own excesses.

The Prisoner—it is infamous to drag my private affairs into such a trial as this.

The Judge—You have no right to employ such a word to anything said by the public prosecutor.

The Prisoner—I withdraw it; the lamily council was obtained against me be ore a Paris tribunal with I was in Algeria and I could not defend myself.

The Judge-You might have appealed against the

judgment.
The Prisoner-I wanted to redress my own wrongs and do justice for myself.

The Judge—that remark further shows that you have no moderation and no control over yourself.

The Court, after deliberating a short time, condemned the prisoner to six months' imprisonment and 200 francs flue.

### JOHN BUNYAN.

Erection of a Statue to the Author of "Pilgrim's Progress"—Interesting Cere-monies at Bedford—The Life and Work of the "Tinker of Elstow."

BEDFORD, June 10, 1874. This pleasant little English town has to-day been nelping history to record still another satire on human fallibility. Two centuries ago John Bun-yan, the "Tinker of Elstow," was in the prison of Bedford, suffering a long imprisonment of twelve years "for conscience sake." Sweet liberty was offered him repeatedly on condition of his preaching no more in public. The athor of "The Pilgrim's Progress" rejected all such offers, however, boldly deciaring that "if released to-day be should preach to-morrow." Such stubbornness in an illiterate tinker was considered worthy only of the condignest punishment, and the "glorious dreamer" was kept in prison in a miserable hovel which stood on the old bridge across the Ouse at this town. The bridge and its belongings have long since been demolished, but they will live in history. Howard, the Euglish philanthropist, was first awakened to a sense of the need for jail reform by the squalor and noisomeness of this same prison wherein England's greatest prose epic was written. Bedford was not only Bunyan's jall, but one of its suburbs Eistow, a quaint little village, gave him birth. The original of the Slough of Despond is there; the house Beautiful stands on an adjoining sunny slope, and the great plain whereon the City of Destruction lay is none other than this wide and beautiful vale of Bedford. This same Ouse now meandering through the pleasant green meadows, and which at times is swollen and turgid, was the mysterious river which Christian and Hopeful swam. Every spot in the scenery is associated with "The Pilgrim's Progress." That little book has made Bedford famous, and to-day the noble duke—whose title is derived from the town—presents a statue to the townsfolks to commemorate in all time coming the intimate association between the town and the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

The town is exuberantly en fête. Flags of all nations float from the windows, and garlands of gay colors stream from triumphal arenes at the entrances to the town. Hawkers are selling "The Pilgrim's Progress" on the street, and photographs of the author are on sale in all the book stores. The church bells are ringing out their merriest peals-those very beils the ringing of which John Bunyan had once regarded as one of his own deadlest sins. Thousands of folks, old and young, are arriving hourly by train from all parts of the country and are paying homage the statue. The statue itself triumph of art. It stands

St. Peter's Green, at the north entrance to the town, and is a large bronze figure of Bunyan set on a pedestal of gray granite. The figure is about ton feet high, and has a massive, substantial appearance befitting the character of its original. The pose is very happy. Bunyan stands uncovered. and the turned down broad collar, the short back skin jacket, the big belt, the short breeches reaching to the knees, and the homely looking shoes bespeak the dress of the period. He holds the Bible rests on its page. His countenance is turned heavenward and wears a singularly scrapnic expression. The following inscription, graven on the pedestal, and taken from Christian's visit to the Interpreter's house, supplies the thought present to the artist's mind :--

it had eyes lifted up to heaven.
The best of books in his hand.
The law of truth was written upon his lips.
It stood as if it pleaded
With men.

The artist was J. E. Boehm, of London. Three basso relievos on the pedestal were much admired. That on the west side represents Evangelist directing Christian to the wicker gate. On the south side is a representation of "Christian Fighting Apollyon." That on the east is a very fine picture of the "Three Shining Ones" meeting Christian at the foot of the cross.

The ceremony of unveiling was performed by

Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster. The Mayor, Aldermen and Common Councilmen of the town. attired in flaring red robes, occupied a platform in rear of the statue. An enormon crowd stood around, cheering lustily. The speeches at the unveiling were commendably short. Dean of Westminster, in one or two pithy sentences, contented himself with bidding those who had not read "The Pilgrim's Progress" go and read it, and those who had read it a hundred times to read it yet again for the hundred and first time, and by living out its teachings in their lives to rear a still nobier monument in their hearts to its author. After the platform group has been photographed the assembly adjourned to the Corn Exchange. Here Dean Stanley delivered a fine eulogium on Bunyan. He was received with great cheering and began his address as follows :-

and began his address as follows:—

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER ON JOHN BUNYAN.

"As I warked through the wilderness of this world I lighted upon a certain place where thero was a den." These words have been translated into hundreds of languages, and the question has been often asked, Where west that place and where was that den? The answer given has always been, The name of that place is Bedford, and the name of that den Bedford Jail. This it is which has given to the town of Bedford the crief—may I say without was that den't he allower given has hiways been, the name of that den Bedford Jail. This it is which has given to the town of Bedford its chief-may I say, without offence, its only--title to universal and everlasting fame. (Cheers and langnier.) It is exactly 200 years since Bunyan resolved upon what to him was a great venture, namely, to publish that work which has given to Bedford this immortal renown, and Bedford to-day pays back some part of the deot she owes to him. I shall not, nowever, surrender without a struggle the share which England at large has in your illustrious townsman to your local claims. Something of the national and cosmopolitan character of Bunyan's works was probably owing to the wandering, gypsy life he led in his youth as a tinker, and in the more serious journeyings of his atter life in what may be called his episcopal visitations. If we follow the track of the young soldier, whether in the royal or the parliamentarian army (it is not certain which), when he so narrowly escaped the shot that had his comrade low at the slege of Leicester, we shall find that he probably obtained there the materials for his "Holy War" and the "Siege of Mausoni." When I was exploring "the Pilgrim's Way" to Canterbury I was much impressed with the ingenious theories of one of the officers of the Ordnance Survey, who neld that the pilgrim of the seventeenth century, John Bunyan, caught the dea of the Hill of philiculty and the Delectable Mountains from the mile through which that track meanders; and might he not from his early visits to London have obtained the notion of Vanity Fair? At any rate, we know that crowes attended his procaching at Zoar chapel in Southwark, and he rests in the grave of his host. Standrake, the grocer, in the venerable cemetery of Bunial Fields. You are right, however, to claim him as your own, for it is the strength of a country and of a town mbrance. Such are the links by which they are and to the history of a country, and by which a local greatness of a whole country is bound tother. (Chears.) You have become immortal

brough tim—take care that you do not let bis fame be obscured by your anw-rishness. Cithears, Turning to what may be cated his ecclesiastical career, we must remember that he was a Baptist or Anabaptist—a name which once struck terror and dismays time, had subsided into a quiet, and the control of the con Earl Cowper and the Revs. Dr. Brock (Baptists

and Dr. Allen (Congregationalist) tollowed, each delivering eloquent addresses. In the evening the town was illuminated, and 3,000 children were each presented with a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress. Bedford has probably never seen a greater stir in her streets or celebrated a more successful file than she celebrates to-day.

# ART NOTES.

Captain Charles Mercier is engaged on a large picture of the Disraeli Cabinet, which is commisstoned for presentation to Mr. Disraeli.

The total cost of maintaining the British Museum since its foundation, in 1753, to March 31, 1873, has been £3,452,863 8s. 9d. The amount expended for purchases (from 1863-4 to 1872-3) is £334,197 11s. 6d. The same since the foundation of the Museum, as above, is £991,343 16s. 11d.

The representations made to the British govern ment by many artists, who desired that certain pictures in the collection of the late A. Barker. Esq., should be acquired by the nation, been so far successful that Mr. F. W. Burton was enabled to secure pictures the aggregate prices of which amounted to £10,000. Some of the most desirable works were, however, not obtained. M. desirable works were, however, not obtained. M. Grüner bought some excellent and some invaluable works for the Prussian government. The following were purchased for the National Gallery:—Vivarinis "Virgin and Infant Saviour;" C. Tura's "Madonna: B. di Siena's "Madonna and Infant Saviour;" Crivelli's "SS. Catherine and Mary Magdalen, and Madonna in Ecstasy;" P. della Francesca's "Nativity," so-called; L. Signorelli's "Triumph of Chastity;" B. Pinturicchio's "Three flustrations of the Story of Griseida," and Botticellis' "Mars and Venus," Venus reclining. It is very unfortunate that the fine "Memlinc" was not secured. M. Grüner bought the "Bellini" and the "Giorgione Landscape;" G. da Fabriano's "Madonna;" Previtali's "Madonna;" L. di Credi's "Madonna;" and another "Madonna" and altar piece.

piece.
The number of works sent into the English Royal Academy for selection this year was larger

Itoyal Academy for selection this year was larger than on last year.

"The Dream of Phate's Wife," Dore's last picture, is said to be the most brilliant of all the imaginings that great artist has thrown on canvas. Bradford's "Grushed by the feebergs" is on view in London, and attracting considerable attention.

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"The Portfolio" for June has interesting papers
on "Velasquez" and "Greek Sculptures on the
West Coast of Asia Minor."

Philips' "Belia Fiorista at Seville Fair" sold
lately in London for £4,500.

"The Art Journal" for June has several beautiful
engravings. The most important represents the
interior of a Russian peasant's home.

"On the Brent." by Turner, was lately sold by
Christic & Manson, of London, for 625 guineas.
Fictures in London and Paris are bringing very
high prices. A collection belonging to Mr. Strausberg sold for \$93,310 in gold.

Troyon's "Environs of Honfient" sold for \$5,200.

The memorial statue to Maximilian, Emperor of
Mexico, by Schelling, of Leipsic, is at the imperial
ioundry of Vignna. It will be erected in one of
the public places of Trieste.

Lord Byron is to have a statue in Venice.

Guizot has sold the picture by Murillo presented
to him by the ex-queen of Spain. It was purchased by the Marquis de Greffulle, at Drouot's, for
the sum of \$24,000.

An engraving of Maclise's great picture, "The
Meeting of Weilington and Blucher at Waterloo,"
will be issued by the British Art Union next year.

Mr. Page is at work on a portrait of President
Robinson, of Brown University, Rhode island.

Mr. Page is at work on a portrait of President Robinson, of Brown University, Rhode Island. This artist will soon leave for Europe to pursue his studies in connection with the supposed cast of Shakespeare's face which is said to exist in Ger-

many.
Calverly is modelling a bust of the late Rev.
Thomas De Witt, for years pastor of the old Dutch
church.
Vaini has on his easel a very pretty little picture
which he calls "Prayers a la Mode."

# THE THIRD TERM.

[From the New York World.] Beaten here President Grant made a more stabborn fight for the Washington thieves, a fight so stubborn and at so critical moment that the republican leaders were absolutely driven into a corner and compelled to elect between openly and utterly succumbing to the scullions and the stock jobbers, and knocking them down outright at the risk of knocking down President Grant with them. The action of the President and of the Senate respectively in the case of Shepherd has completely identified Presi-dent Grant with the scullions and the stock jobbers. If he goes out in 1846 they go out. If he stays they stay. And this is the exact position of things to-day in regard to the question of the